

The History of Henry Hotspur

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Francis. Forsooth five yeeres, and as much as to—

Boynes, Francis.

Francis. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five yeeres: berladay a long lease for the chinking of pewter: But Francis, darest thou be so valliant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord sir, i'le be sworne upon all the Bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

Poynes, Francis.

Francis. Anon sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Francis. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poynes, Francis.

Francis. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay, but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gavest me, 'twas but a penny worth, wast not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had bene two.

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound, aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poynes, Francis.

Francis. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis or Francis, on Thursday: or indeed Francis, when thou wilt: But Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat-ring, puke-stocking, Caddice-garter, Smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch?

Francis. O Lord sir, who doe you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne-bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis: your white canvass Doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What sir?

Poynes. Francis.

Prince. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

Vint.

Henry the Fourth.

Vint. What, standst thou still, and hearest such a calling? looke to the Chests within. My Lord, old sir John with halfe a dozen more, are at the dore, shall I let them in?

Pri. Let them alone a while, and then open the dore: Poynes Poynes. Anon, anon sir.

Enter Poynes.

Pri. Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the Theeves, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

Poy. As merry as Crickets, my Lad: but harke yee, what cunning match have you made with this jest of the Drawer? come, what's the issue?

Pri. I am now of all humors, that have shewed themselves humors, since the old daies of good man Adam, to the pupill age of this present Twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke, Francis?

Francis. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. That ever this fellow should have fewer words then a Parrat, and yet the son of a woman. His industry is up staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Perceys minde, the Hotspur of the North, he that kills me some 6. or 7. dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and sayes to his wife, Fie upon this quiet life, I want work. O my sweet Harry sayes she! how many hast thou kild to day? Give my Roan horse a drench (sayes he) and answers, some fourteen, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, i'le play Percy, and that damn'd Brawne shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. Rivo, saies the drunkard: call in ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poynes. Welcome Jacke, where hast thou been?

Fals. A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance too, mary and Amen: give me a cup of sacke, Boy. E're I lead this life long, i'le sow nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards; Give me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

Prin. Didst thou never see Titan kisse a dish of butter; pittifull hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

D. 3

Fals.